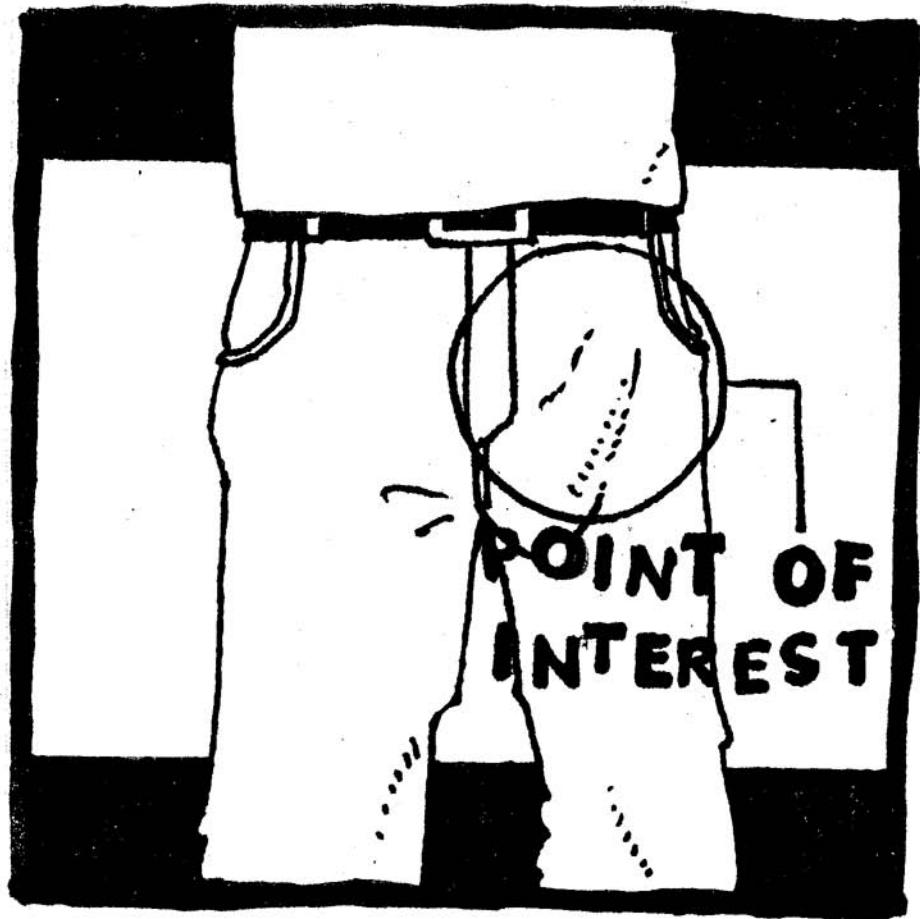


S A T A N H E A R T B R E A K ' R .

* T A R T S I T U P *



TRANSITIONING INTO A GIANT MECHANICAL GRASS HOPPER
BENT ON DESTROYING YOUR CITY DAILY

THE WORKS ENCLOSED HEREIN APPEARED AT:

KAT, CRESCENT AND SUZI'S ART DISASTER
AND

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AND OTHERWISE BY:

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THANX TO: AARON DETROIT FOR THE TITLE, RHANEY +
DANNY FOR LETTING ME SHOW, MY FRIENDS FOR
TRYING TO GET ME TO DRINK + NOT DRAW, FRAN

THIS WAS ACCOMPLISHED WITH CAFFEINE, NICOTENE + ALCOHOL
HAIL SAFAN!

if forced to give an estimate. i'd say i think about sex around a hundred times a day. i'm told that's the norm for guys. but some of us guys are a little off center and inbetween. if forced to give an estimate. i'd say i think about killing and maiming around twenty-five times a day. some other stuff comes up, too. like how i need a fucking cup of coffee and why am i surrounded by idiots? also, why am i so goddamned boring/bored? what am i doing with my wasted life? when i'm thinking straight i sit down and draw. and all those bastard voices go away then.

if this offends you. any of it. then don't waste my time. i'm busy drinki-ing my life away and fucking your girlfriend.

if you like this shit- then good for you.

i guess what i'm trying to do here is introduce my work to you. but it looks like we got off on the wrong foot. so forget it. just look at it and if i did a good job you'll be getting off on my right hand.

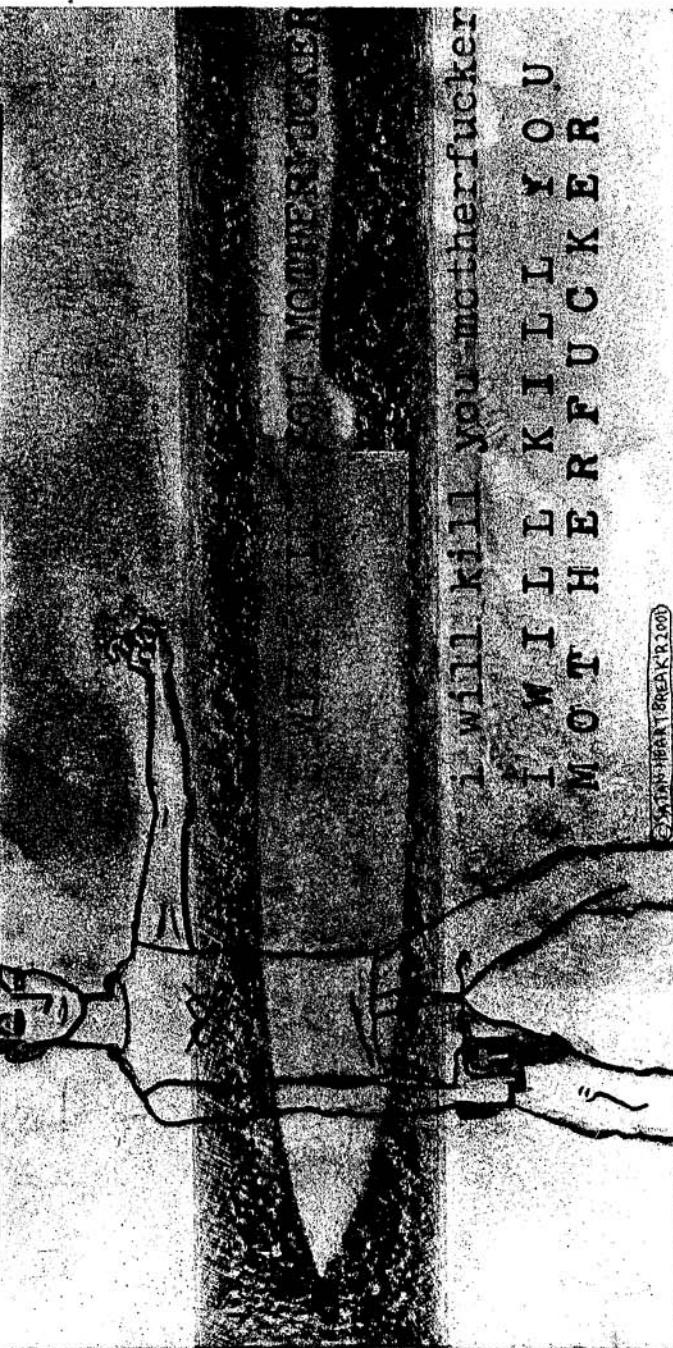
but that's for later.

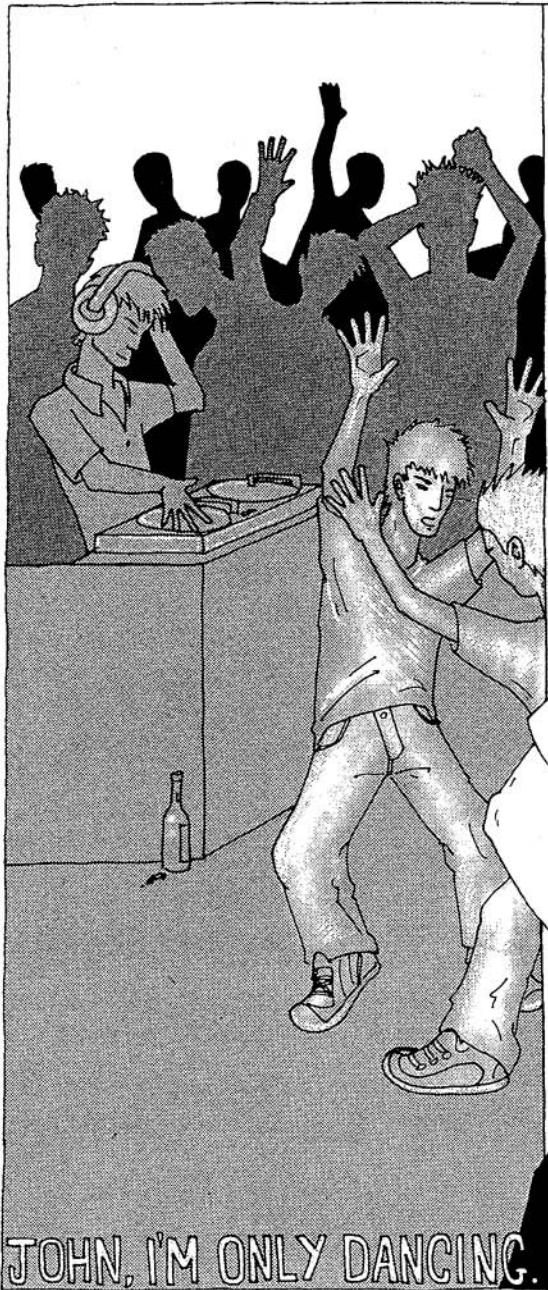
i am totally available for birthday parties.

feel free to contact me with comments, requests and offers of monetary compensation.

hugs and a punch in the mouth,

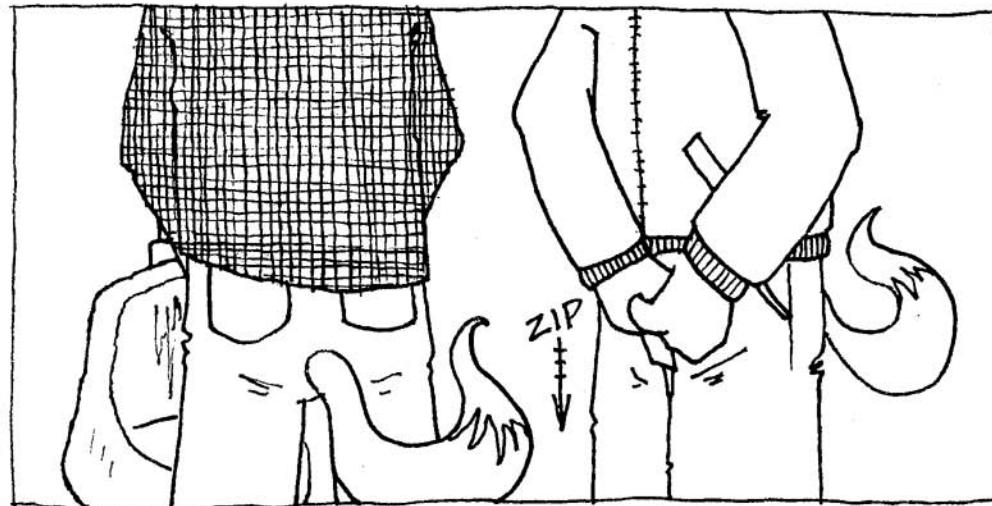
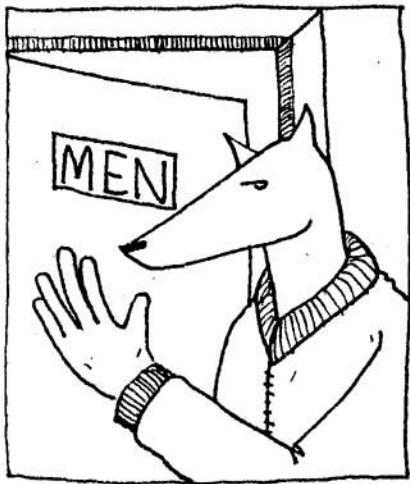
 SATAN 

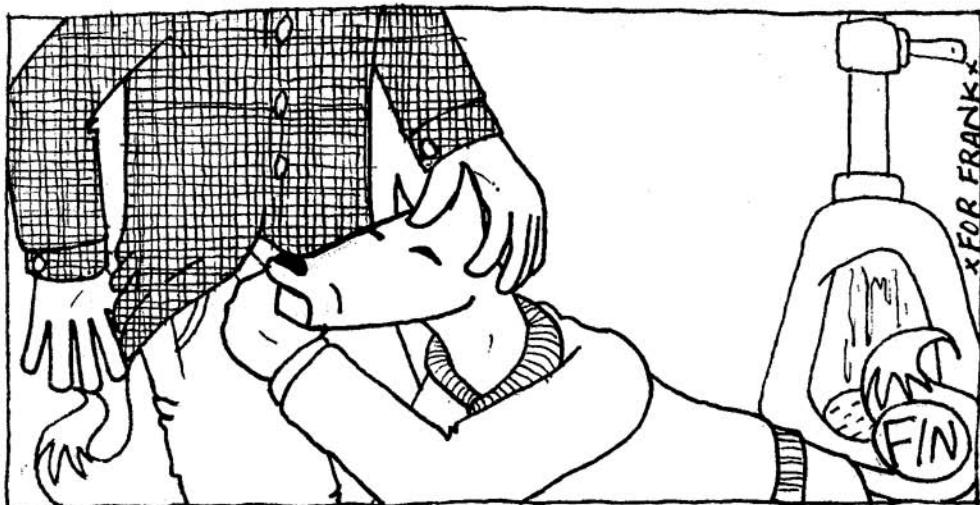
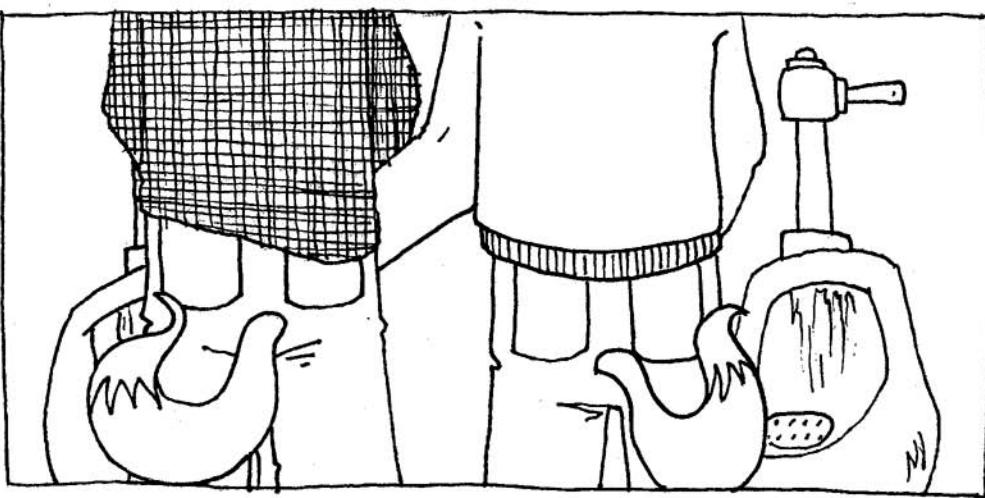




JOHN, I'M ONLY DANCING.

© TAYLOR 2001





DRUNK COMIX



TOTAL BASTARD SEEKS PUNISHMENT

me: naughty trouble-maker, asshole, boy-type
fond of cartoons, caffeine, your tits
you: possibly attractive, slutty, know when to
keep your mouth shut, ready to break my heart

let's meet for coffee, i'll say something in
inappropriate, feel free to slap me.



HOMEWHEELER

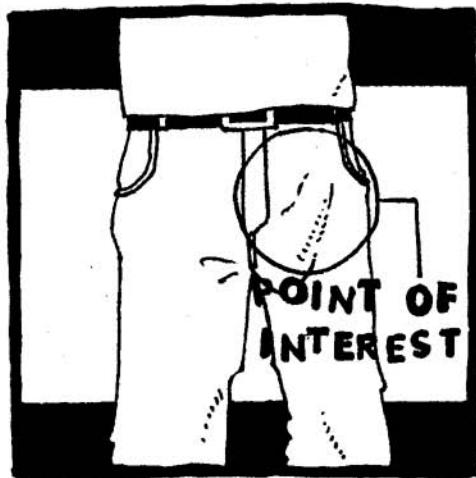
hey, how's your girl?

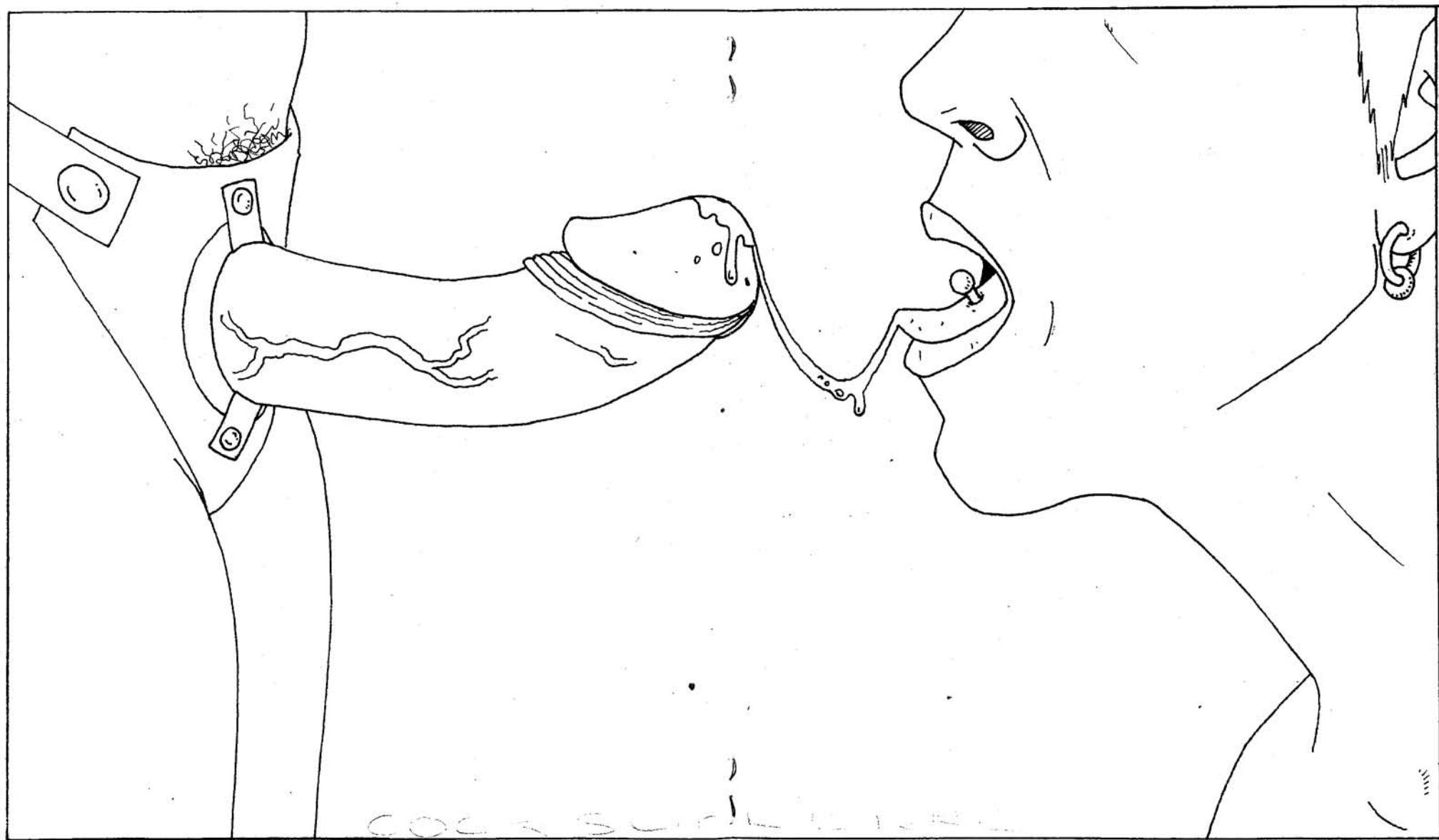


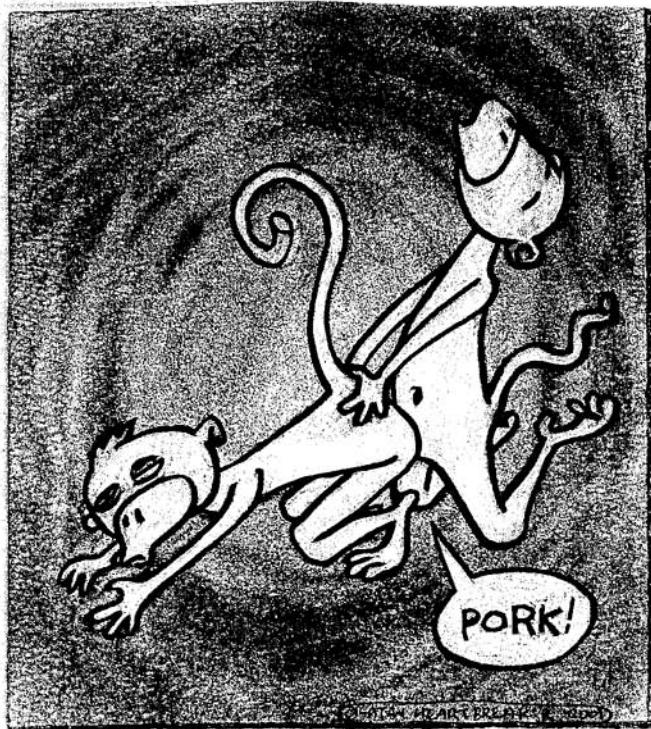
BABBLING IDIOT SEEKS REASON TO SHUT UP

sissy with grating personality loves: walks in the woods without you, reading by myself, going to movies alone, talking about myself for hours

don't tell me your name, just how far to open my mouth.

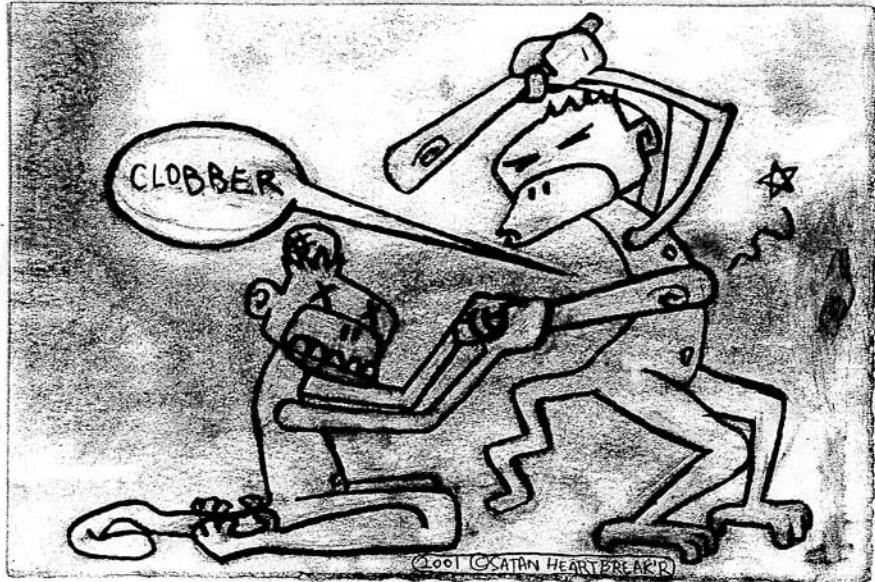








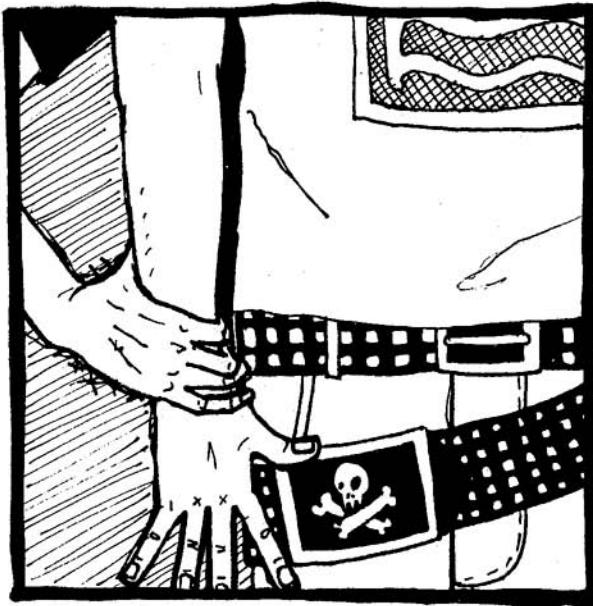
© 2001 OSATAN HEART PAIN





"erotic is a pretty word to use"

tell yourself you won't write about dykes fucking
yes you will and you'll read it at a stupid dyke bar too
so all the girls who won't come home with you
can hear about how you fuck



you in the studded belt you heard me
you're the one i want you're drunk and you want me to slide it in
wrap your legs around me tight like this fuck'll save your life
like i'm your baby like i'm your best secret
when i was 21 i figured out why i fuck so many girls
see my mommy never loved her little boy
the knowledge was like a flash that faded into promiscuity
so help me out tonight yell for me make it real

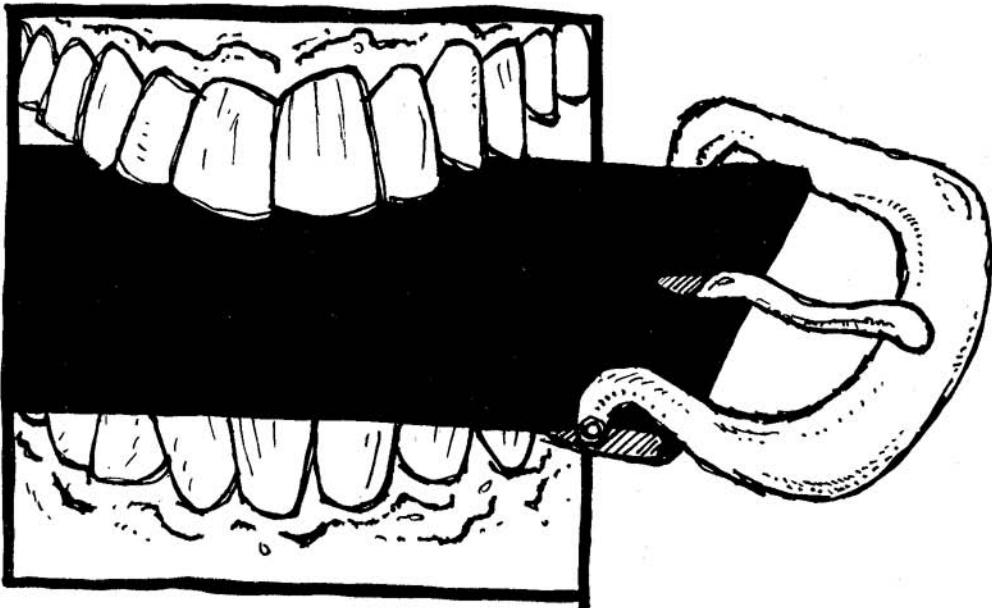


i'm gonna wrap that studded belt around your wrists
catch your dirty hands in it like rabbits in a snare
and the other one the glam one with the 5 rows of studs
that you wear off the hip like a gun belt
i'm gonna beat the shit out of you with it
not a spanking you deserve for being such a whore
no welts to show where the leather kissed your ass
no i mean i'm gonna wrap it around my fist stud side out
and beat you bloody leave stud sized dents in your skull
until you pass out



we don't have to fuck you don't even have to suck my cock
just look scared like that
eyes wide like two holes i can pour myself into
swallow me
i'll rub you into my sheets like a stain

it's a sick fantasy that's predictable
it's not a fantasy it's no good if you don't think it's real
and now you've got some good excuses not to leave with me
it's alright i'll make it home alone
i'll slide out of the bar like a slug
a trail of perfect obscenities glistening behind me



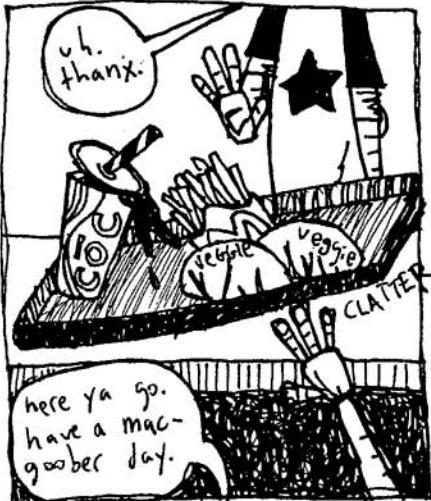
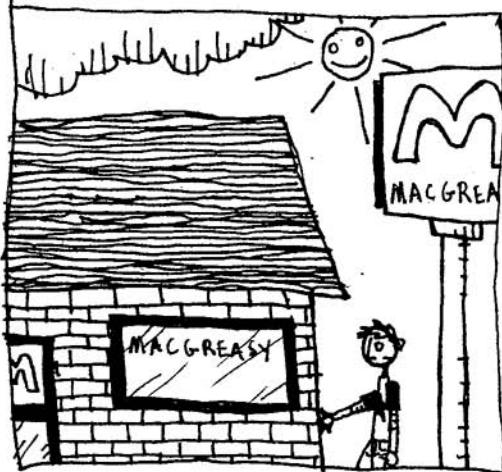
get home and wrap my own belt around my fist
bite down leather tastes like skin and dried sweat
jerk off think about your mouth on my cock
or that guy at work him coming on my face
curl up neat to sleep now mommy loves me
1.22.01
SATAN' HEARTBREAK'R



CRAPPY COMIX

PRESENTS:

"HOW I WON
A MILLION
BUCKS"







i will kill you motherfucker.

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100g . . . HOMEMADE . . . GARAGE